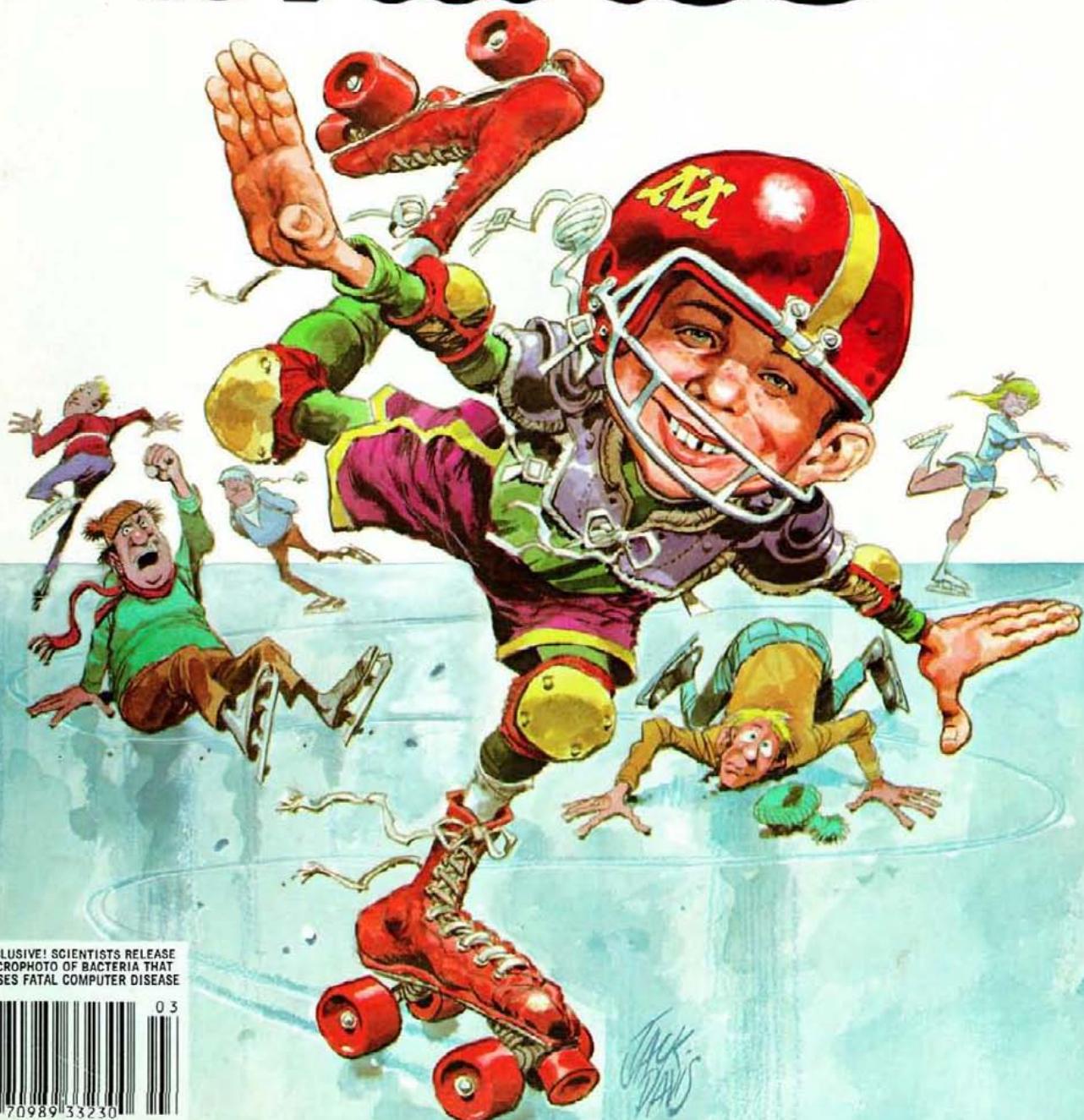


**OUR VERSION OF A SLAP AT
"MOONRAKER" "ROCKY II" SERGIO AL DON
...AND THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS ARE ALL IN THIS ISSUE OF... JAFFEE MARTIN**

No.
213
March
'80

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"A racetrack is where the windows clean the people!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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WE'RE RUNNING OUT!

Yep, we're running out to lunch now! There's just enough time to let you know that full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid — suitable for framing or wrapping fish — are still available! They'll always be available! No matter what little catch "lead line" we come up with! Just mail in 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



**THEY LAUGH
WHEN THEY SIT DOWN TO PLAY**

Your magazine is definitely the preferred reading material as my piano students wait until it's their turn for a lesson. More than one returns to the couch after the lesson, to finish reading it before calling their Moms to come pick them up. I feel good about having it there for them to read. It's probably the most thought-provoking and truly intelligent reading material that most of them get to see all month.

Mary Ann Stewart
Anchorage, Alaska

MAD OVERRATED-UNDERRATED BOOK

I thought "The MAD Overrated-Underrated Book" was underrated because it only went two pages! Kathy Sherman Mason, Ohio

Fay Wray is overrated, Jessica Lange is underrated. Steve Martin is overrated, Rodney Dangerfield is underrated. Margot Kidder is overrated, Michelle J. Caprara is underrated! Michelle J. Caprara Detroit, Michigan

On reporting National and International problems and commenting on them, *Time Magazine* is overrated, *MAD Magazine* is underrated.

Casey Hermanson
Rapid City, S.D.

MAD is overrated, its readers are underrated!

David O'Brien
Oakland, N.J.

A MAD LOOK AT DOORS

"A MAD Look At Doors" was just "door-ling"! Jill Kramer
Woodstock, N.Y.

"A MAD Look At Doors" was an open and shut case. Brian Smith
Carney's Point, N.J.

THE MAD AD-MAN'S SAMPLER

Henry Clark's "The MAD Ad-Man's Sampler" is a letter-perfect article!

Chris Eglinski
Avon Lake, Ohio

YELLOW PAGES THROUGH HISTORY

GReatly ENjoyed TOm KOch's "THe PAleolithic TElephone COmpany's YEllow PAges." HE IS TO BE COmmended FOr His USE OF EXchange NAmes. OUR TElephone SErvice HAS BEEN VEry DULL SINce THe DIssapearance OF SUCH GReats AS: PLaza, MUrray Hill, LOcust, FIlmore, MUtual, Pilgrim, TRinity, AND OF COURSE THat ALL TIme CLassic FRom PHiladelphia: PEnnypacker! LOKing FOward TO MOre YEllow PAges THrough HIstory ARTicles.

Angus McIntyre
Vancouver, B.C.

WHEN WOMEN TAKE OVER MOVIES

I enjoyed "When Women Take Over Movies Completely." It's about time someone realized that we're tired of seeing films like *Annie Hall*, *Coming Home*, *Turning Point*, and shows like *Angie*, *One Day At A Time*, and *Laverne & Shirley*. But I really get sick when they make Miss Piggy a star for simply being a female chauvinist pig!

Jim Miller
Sarnia, Ont.
Canada

MAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN FOR A MORE EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT

"MAD's Ingenious Plan For A More Efficient Government," along with dozens of related articles from past issues, proves that you guys are more qualified to run for public office than the clowns who are already there. Hint, hint.

Paul Absi
Fitchburg, Mass.

SIBLING MISERY IS . . .

I just finished reading "Sibling Misery Is . . ." and I'd like to add an instance. How about when you try out for the Little League team and your little brother makes it instead?!

Scott Chankin
Cherry Hill, N.J.

CHIMPS

Lou Silverstone seems to be the only MAD writer who actually watches the TV shows he satirizes. In his funny "CHIMPs" he really captures the flavor and the dialogue of the characters. Mort Drucker does the same with his characters, so how come you clods never team the two of them up?

John Rasch
Pittsfield, Mass.

I went "ape" over Torres's and Silverstone's "CHIMPs". MAD is what makes the world go 'round!

Vern Panci
Butler, Pa.

MARGINAL DOUBLE-VISION

Hey, what happened, guys? You repeated four "Marginals" in your December issue. I wouldn't mind, but Sergio Aragones's "Marginals" are the first things I look for every time. Don't don't make make any any silly silly mistakes mistakes like like that that again again!

Craig Shelley
Reseda, Calif.

Sometimes I read MAD instead of watching TV. But today I got 4 re-runs in one issue! Please check out your "Drawn-Out Dramas" on Pages 6 & 18, 7 & 19, 12 & 33, 10 & 22. And I thought that reading was an alternative to TV!

Charles Field
Plantation, Fla.

You're disappointed?! Imagine how "MAD" Sergio Aragones is about the goof! We're making it up in this issue, however, with four additional marginals.—Ed.

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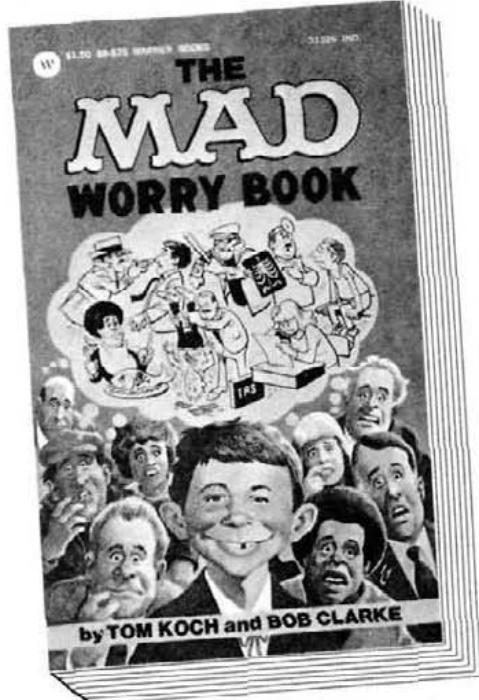
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- SPY vs. SPY Follow Up File
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- MAD's Turned On Zoo
- Clod's Letters to MAD

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AND THE BOND PLAYS ON AND ON DEPT.

When Ian Fleming created his "James Bond" character, he gave "007" a license to kill. And when Mr. Fleming signed the rights to his character over to the Producers of what would become a rash of "James Bond" movies, he also gave them a license to kill, mainly his character! Because any resemblance to the movies made using their titles is purely coincidental (and nauseating)! However, you cannot argue with success. Everyone of them including this latest "007" epic is a

00\$M

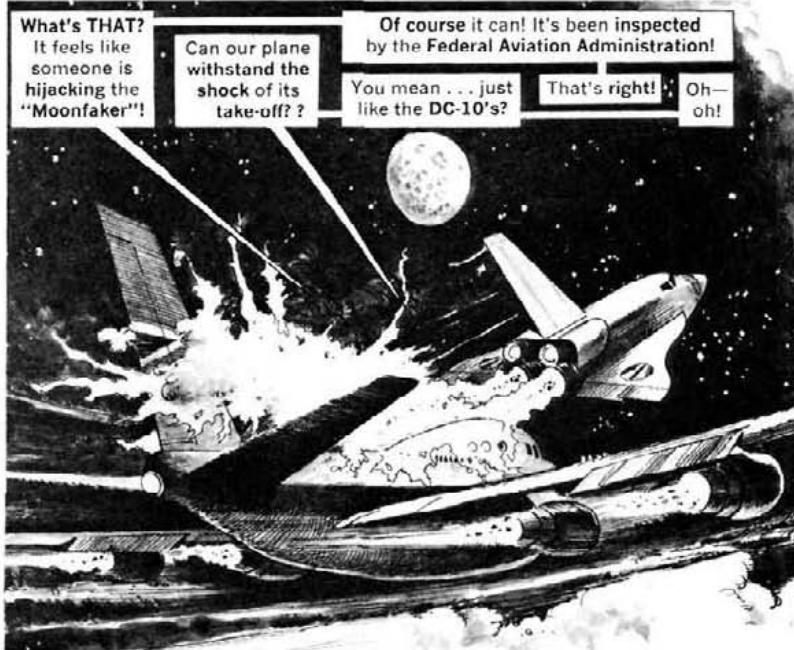
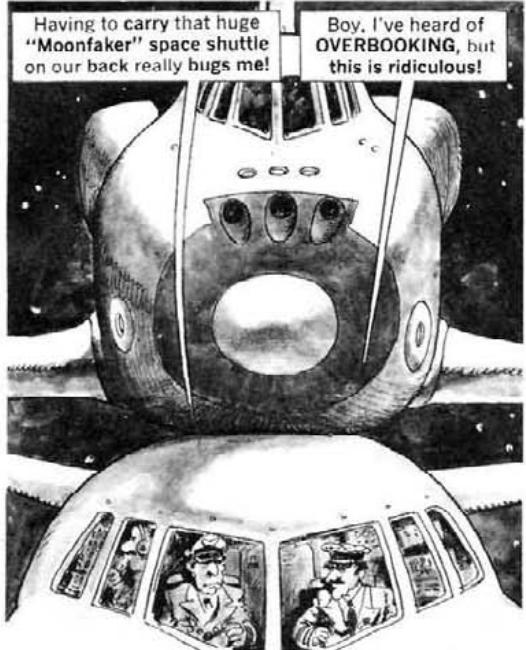


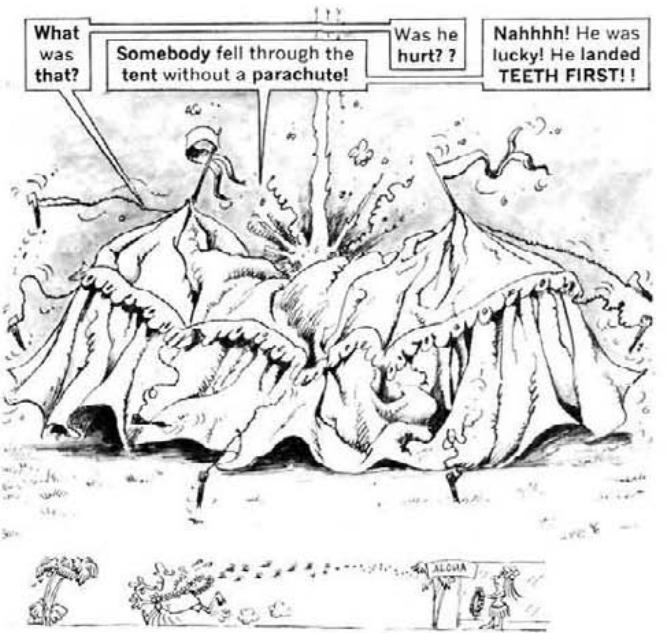
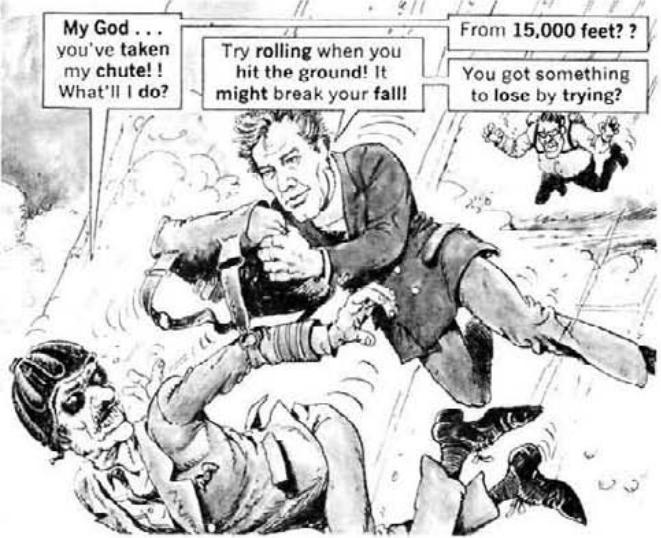


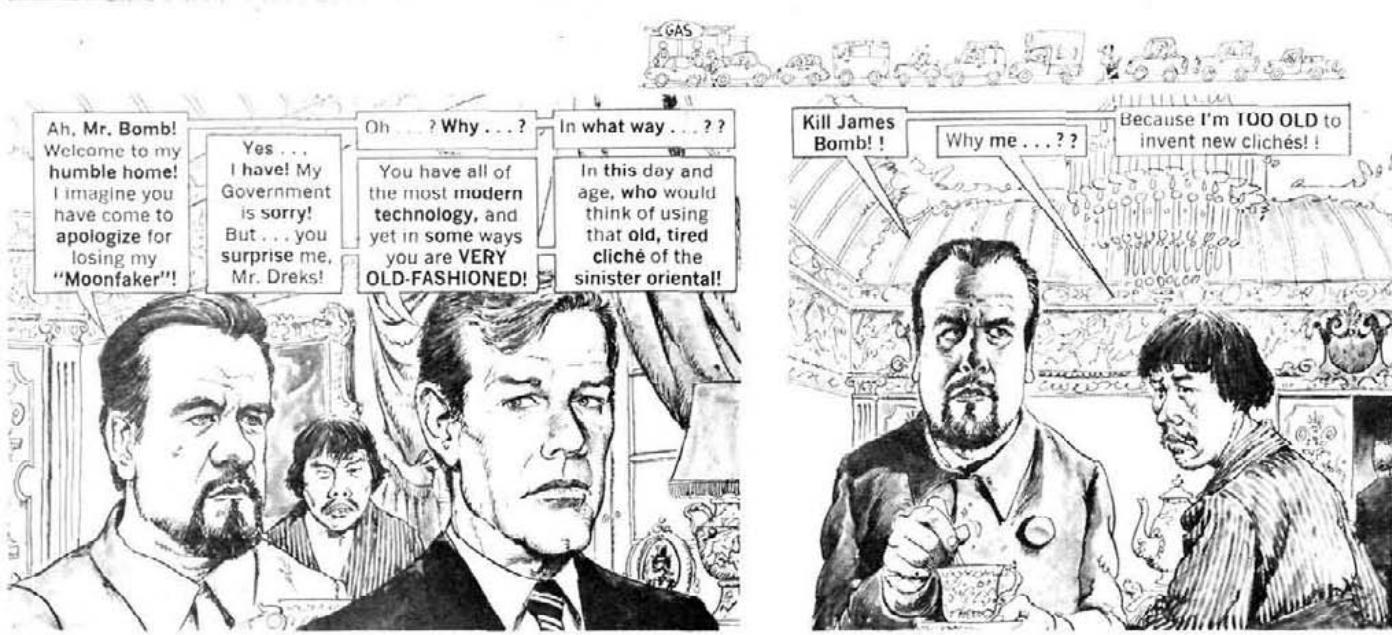
ONEYRAKER

ARTIST:
HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

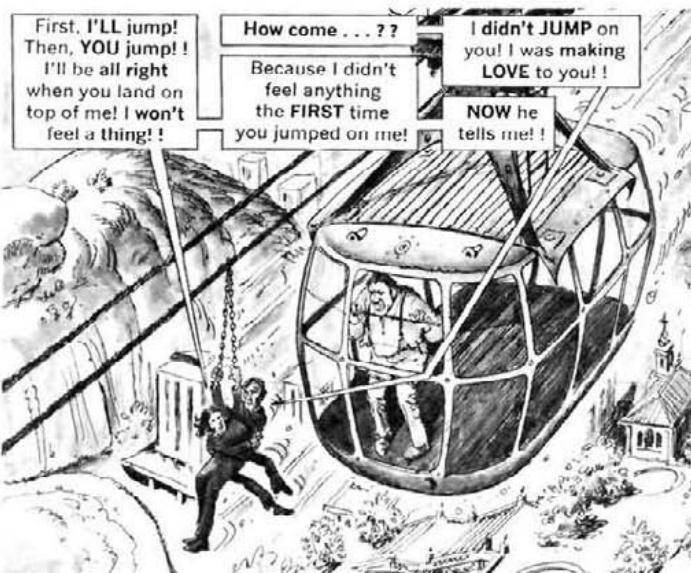
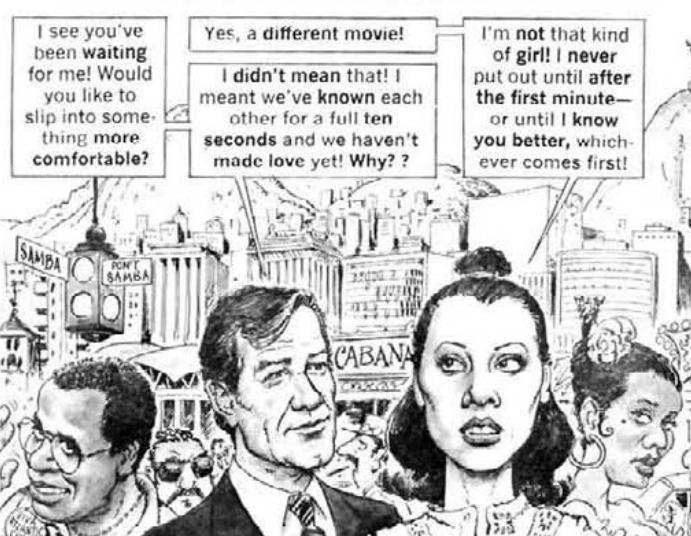
WRITER: STAN HART

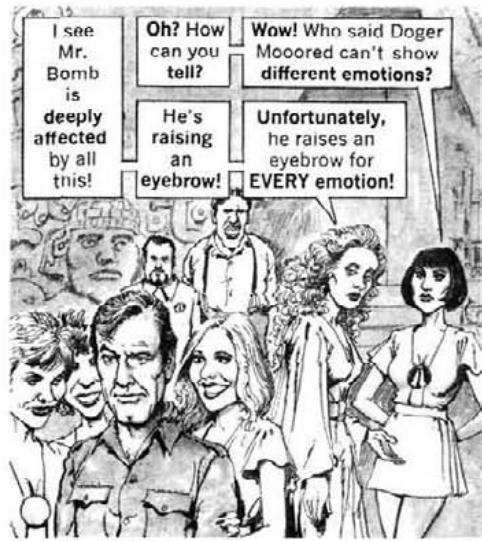
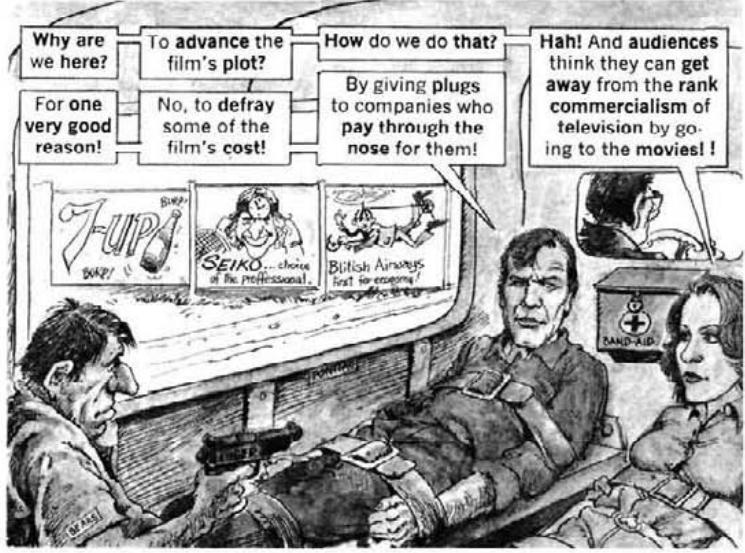


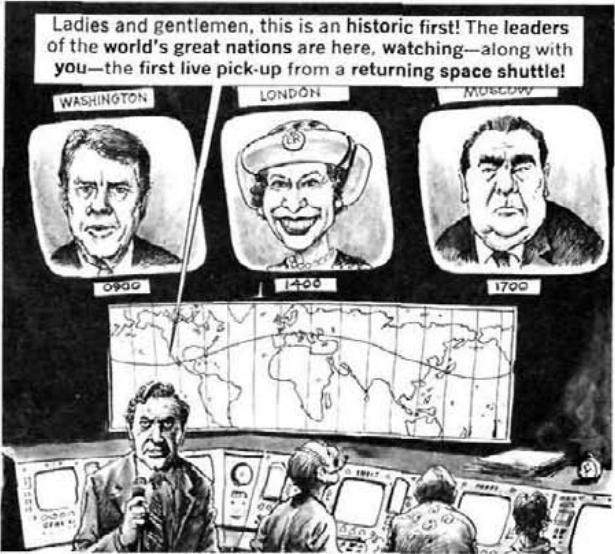
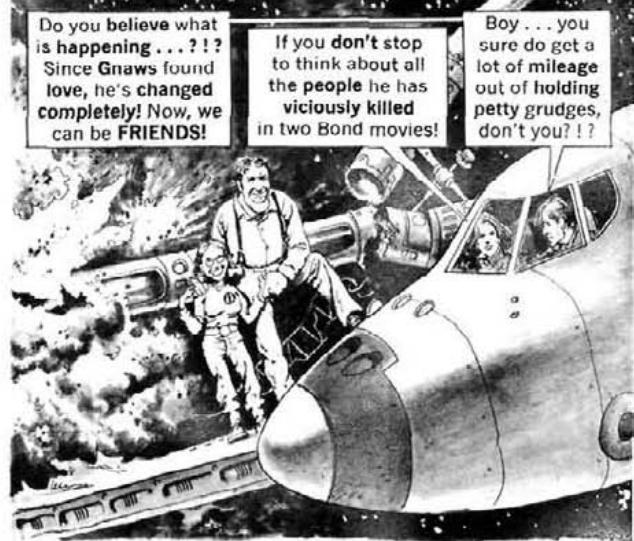








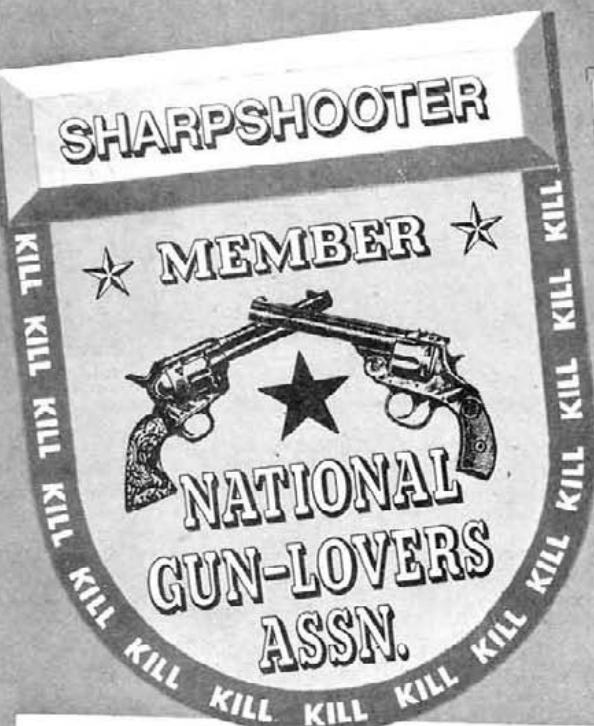




IT SHAKES A THIEF DEPT.

WHY GO TO THE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE AND BOther OF INSTALLING ALARMS OR OTHER

SURE-FIRE BURGLAR DET



NOTICE

SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THIS HOUSE HAVE BEEN ENGRAVED WITH FEDERAL IDENTIFICATION NUMBERS. OTHERS HAVE MERELY BEEN WIRED TO EXPLODE WHEN TOUCHED! SO LOTS OF LUCK!

RESIDENCE OF MADAM OLGA

THE WITCH WHOSE BLACK POWERS CAN KILL WITH A MERE THOUGHT

Dear Thief:-

We spent \$100 on our stereo set, and \$800 on our burglar alarm! The guy next door spent \$800 on his stereo set, and \$100 on his burglar alarm!

P.S. The guy across the street doesn't even have a burglar alarm!

THE HEAT IS OFF!!
THERE'S NO HOT WATER!
THE PHONE IS OUT!!
THE BASEMENT IS
FLOODED!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR
THE NEXT ASS & \$ TO
SET FOOT IN
THIS HOUSE!

Dear Mailman,

We found bloodstains all over our mail. They must be yours. Next time you put the mail into our slot, please be sure to keep all parts of your body well clear of the opening.

The Lipkins

P.S. Any sign of that book we sent for: "The Care And Feeding Of Wild Jungle Cats"?



FORMS OF SECURITY SYSTEMS TO DISCOURAGE THEFTS WHEN ALL YOU NEED ARE MAD'S

ERRENTS FOR THE WARY HOME OR APARTMENT DWELLER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

空手
**MEMBER
BLACK BELT
'HANDS-OF-DEATH'
KARATE CLUB**

Lobel Butchers:
Starting tomorrow, please
leave Eight pounds of Meat
for Brutus. Six pounds only
makes him Angry and Vicious!
Mr. & Mrs. Angel

WARNING!
THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY A
FINSTER
20,000 VOLT
"FRY-AND-DIE"
BURGLAR TRAP

DEAR MR. EXTERMINATOR:
BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN
YOU GO INSIDE! THE
TERMITES HAVE EATEN
THROUGH MOST OF THE
FLOORBOARDS, AND
YOU WILL FALL INTO
THE BASEMENT WHERE
ALL THE RATS ARE!

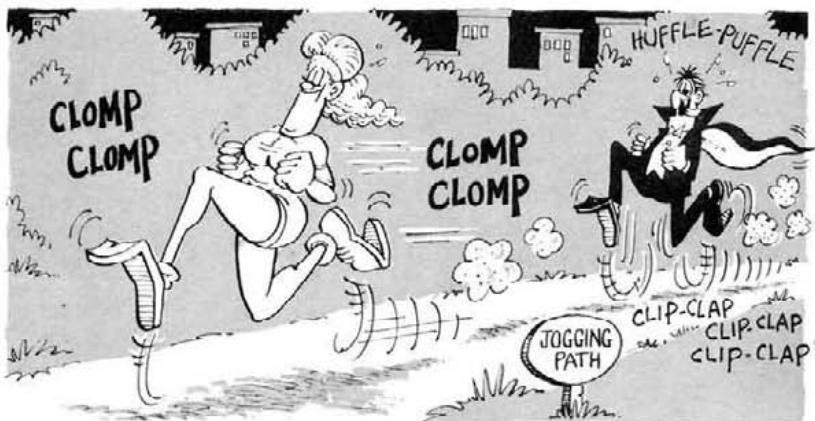
THE GLUMBACHERS -

WE GAVE
TO THE
GODFATHER'S
"REVENGE
IS
SWEET"
SOCIETY

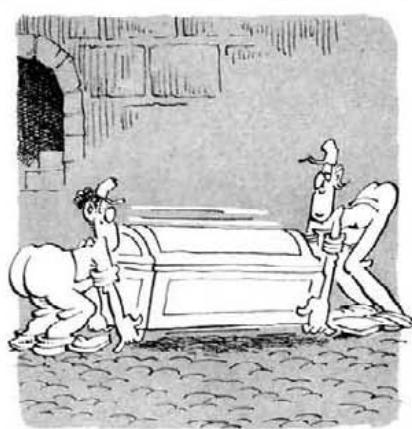
Selma -
Don't come in! The
Boa Constrictor got
loose again -
Stan

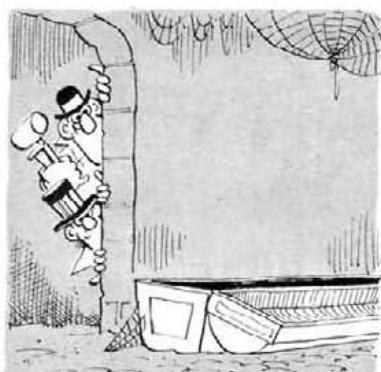
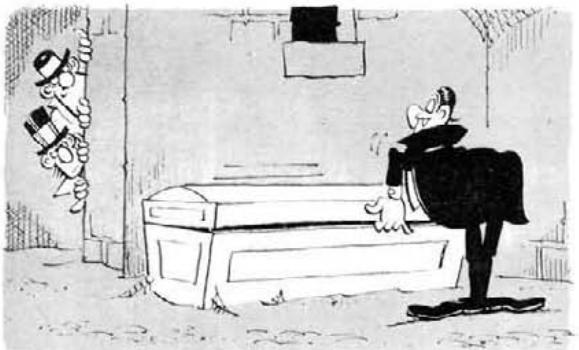
A COUNT RECEIVABLE DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...



RAOU





GODSELL DEPT.

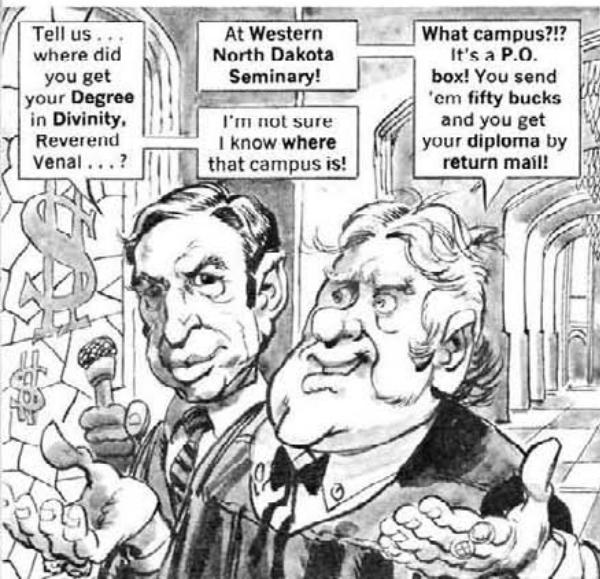
If you've ever watched TV on a Sunday morning, you know what you get . . . NOT "Tom and Jerry" or "The Flintstones!" No, you get religious programs! And not only the regular religious programs, but also the "hucksters of religion," who are the hardest-sell people around! Hi, I'm Mike Malice, and today we're going to explore this interesting aspect of the "Religious Revival" in the United States as we interview

MAD'S "RELIGION" PROMOTER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: STAN HART



How did all this get started, Reverend Venal?

It was an Act of God! It was His Will that I happened to be having a Bloody Mary in a cocktail lounge when I overheard something that changed my life!

What was that?

A well-known millionaire—talking about his sinful extra-marital affairs!

And you saved him by showing him the true path . . . ?

No, I saved him by not telling his Wife! He became my largest contributor!

This is one of my most important wings! Let's talk low so we don't disturb them!

Are they praying?

You bet! They're praying that the Internal Revenue Service doesn't audit my books!

Why should your parishioners pray for that?

They're not my parishioners!



They're my ACCOUNTANTS! These people are very important! Dopey parishioners are a dime a dozen!



I'm getting ready to conduct my "Repentant Sinners Weekly Matinee Service"! Don't you just love my robes? I have them tailor-made for me by Gucci!

They're so-so flashy! I mean, God doesn't care about expensive raiments like that, does He?

Why should He?! He's an old guy that nobody ever sees! He doesn't have to worry about being a snappy dresser! But I've got my public to consider!



Oh, you sinners! I want to talk to you women out there who are morally corrupt . . . who engage in casual sexual relationships . . . who commit adultery! Repent . . . before it is too late! Come and be rescued from the everlasting fires of Hell! Give yourself over to His mercy and forgiveness and be saved! Let me show you the way . . .

Save us . . . !

Oh, yes! Save us . . . !



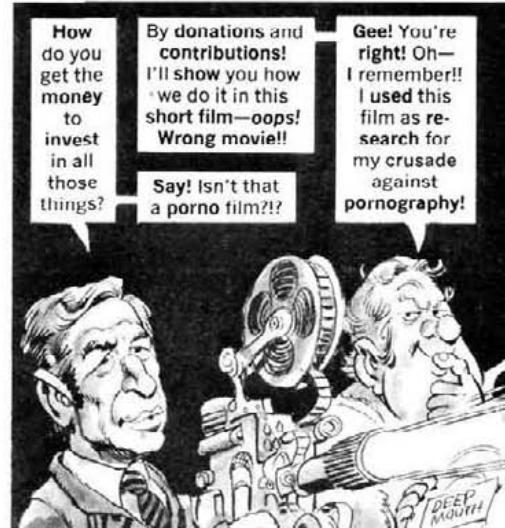
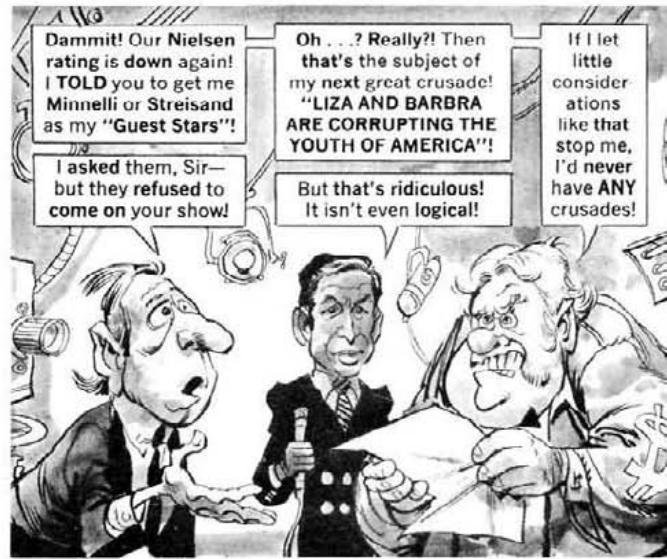
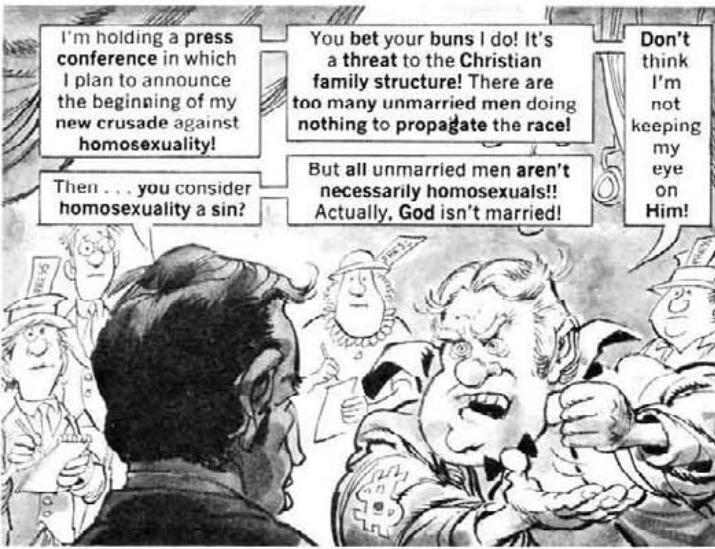
What are you going to do now, Reverend Venal . . . ?

First, I'll have them fill out these cards with their names and addresses! Then, I'll save them!

The sinners?

No, the address cards! To use when my Wife's out of town . . . heh-heh!





Tell me . . .
how do you
feel about
pornography?

It's nauseating!
After seeing this
movie 25 times,
I got sick of it!



What are they doing to
that Salvation Army lady?

Making her relocate!
Why should she hog
the best spot! Our
Christmas campaign
is so successful,
I plan on doing it
again in June!



You can't do
that! Christmas
is on Dec. 25th
to celebrate the
birth of Christ!

It IS! Sorry
you told me! You
screwed up a
great promotion!

For a contribution of
\$1000, we put the
donor's name on a
plaque, and attach
it to a seat! We now
have 5000 donors!

But you only have
2500 seats! How do
you handle that . . .?

The people whose
names begin with
A to K come to
the morning ser-
vice! And the **L's** to
Z's come to
the afternoon
service! During
the break, we
switch plaques!!

Here's a real good
fund-raiser for us!
"Our Lady Of The
Hard Eight Casino"!

Absolutely
right! But we
take the sin
out of it!

We use marked cards
and loaded dice!
Our parishioners
aren't taking any
chances here! The
house always wins!
Heh-heh-heh . . .

But aren't games
of chance sinful?

Oh? How do
you do that?



And who are they?

God's helpers!
They run the
Casino for me!

But they
look like
they're in
"The Mob"!

"Judge not, lest ye shall be
judged!" In ancient times,
some people called the Twelve
Apostles "The Mob"! It's all
in the way you look at it!



And this
is my
proudest
achievement
... my own
tax-exempt
college!

I've noticed, as we've
gone through your col-
lege and church, that
we haven't seen any
Blacks! Do you discrim-
inate against Blacks?

Oh, that is a low
blow, Mike! A low
blow indeed! I most
certainly do have
Blacks in my college!

How many? Five!!



We share the
same religious
principle!

What religious
principle is
that . . .?

Winning at all
costs! I have
scouts that
scour ghetto
schoolyards
for talent!

Isn't
that
nice!
And when
they
graduate?

What gradu-
ate? They
play out
their four
years of
eligibility
and move on!







BYGONE BUY-GONES DEPT.

Despite all the books written about major events in history, we still know very little about the way our ancestors lived their normal, every-day lives. That's because the world didn't have Classified Telephone Directories in the past. And

STILL MORE YELLOW PA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

His Majesty's Medieval Telephone Co. Classified Directory



(Serving The Communities of Snadely, East Rimshot, North Blatherskite, Grubber's Cove, Upsted, Smurnwell and a portion of Weed.)

► Interior Decorators

Circle Place Number

y,
Night
4141

7-8192
This Page
5-4380

DEMAND A WELL TRAINED, ALL-ROUND FOOL

Why Bore Your Castle Guests With
A Jester Whose After-Dinner Show
Consists Of Nothing But Bell
Jingling or Somersaults?

Our Employees Are Masters Of All Phases Of Foolishness:

Hilarious Pratfalls
Dirty Limerick Reciting
Impersonations of Famous Noblemen
Bird Calls
Off-Key Lute Strumming



Phone Now For A Free Audition—No Obligation Tower of London Basement BEllclang 5-8000

► Armor—Sales & Service

G. & R. METALLIC CLOTHIERS

LATEST FASHIONS FOR MEN IN YOUR
CHOICE OF CHAIN MAIL OR CAST IRON

Also Cute Matching Ensembles For
You And Your Horse

21 Junkmongers' Row... FOrsooth 8-6166

JIFFY ARMOR REPAIR

Emergency House Calls Made
To Pry Open Stuck Visors
And Unbolt Locked Knee Joints

14 Alley of Thieves HIngesqueak 8-1072

► Chivalry

Day & Knight Service
42 Knightsbridge Rd. JOuster 5-6161

KELLY BOYS

TEMPORARY CHIVALROUS HELP

Hire One Of Our Qualified Knights By
Day, Week Or Month To Handle Your
Work Backlog Of Maiden Rescuings, Etc.

Stall No. 9,
 Hucksters' Market ONguard 4-1196

WEIRD WALTER'S REPTILE FARM

Save Money On Your Next Chivalry Job
By Kissing One Of Our Frogs And
Creating Your Own Handsome Prince.

1328 Highwaymans' Highway WArtips 2-3346

► Court Jesters

Carterre, Billye,
18 Buffoons' Lane GOober 8-3094



there's no substitute for reading The Yellow Pages to find out how a community lives and works. So let's suppose the telephone had been invented in the time of the Middle Ages, and phone books appeared soon after. Here is a MAD look at

AGES THROUGH HISTORY

*THIS IS PART III OF A CONTINUING SERIES. THE "COLONIAL YELLOW PAGES" WILL APPEAR NEXT.

THE ULTIMATE IN TERROR FOR HOME OR COMMERCIAL USE

Your One-Stop Headquarters For "Maiden-Deform" Brand Iron Maidens! Genuine "Thumb-Fun" Thumb Screws! "E-Z-Grip" Brand Spiked Clubs Racks (Sizes 4-feet-10 to 6-feet-6)

"Making Your Enemies Scream Since 1094" Number 14 Manglers' Square

APEX DUNGEON SUPPLIES PHONE—SLOWDEATH 7-0558



Compleat Fool, Ltd., Tower of London Basement BEllclang 5-8000
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

ETHELREDE & SON OF ETHELREDE TALENT AGENCY

Fifty Dim-Witted Jugglers Under Contract To Serve You "Supplying The Kingdom With Fools Since 1321"

77 Sunsette Strippe...FLEshpeddler 9-5951

► Physicians & Other Sorcerers

AXELROD OF FLEETWOOD, M.D.

SPECIALIZING IN THE TREATMENT OF FITS & SEIZURES

Fully Trained In The Use Of Leeches, Also Lead Transmuted To Gold Mystical Powders, Etc. While You Wait

44 Street of the Quacks MAIpractice 7-8180

IGOR THE DROOLING, M.D.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY Member Of The Transylvanie State Medical Dissectors' Association

24 Plaza of Filth BAtwing 9-4428

► Pubs

THE KNAVE & BULLFEATHER

Live Druid Chanting Nightly No Churls Under 21 Admitted

37 Street of the Winos....STumblebum 5-6623

ROBIN HOOD & HIS MERRY MEN

"SERVING THE POOR BY MUGGING THE RICH"

Call Us To Help Why Go To Debtors' Prison
You With Your Next When Our Competent Crooks
Highway Robbery Can Steal What You Need?

Rural Route 1, Nottingham SHerwood 8-3188

► Torture Devices

Apex Dungeon Supplies
14 Manglers' Square SLOWDEATH 7-0558
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

RODNEY'S RENT-A-TRUNCHEON

Complete Line of Persuasion Equipment For Witch Hunts, Inquisitions & General Fun

Available By Hour, Day Or Week We Deliver
91 Scummy Water Parkway SKullbuster 7-6564

Sturdy-Maid Interrogation Devices, 28 Agony Alley CONFESSALL 4-4419

► Torture Studios

DINWIDDIE'S DUNGEON

Bring Your Enemies Or Relatives To Us For Full Confessions Under The Sadistic Guidance Of Our Trained Staff

Advance Reservations For Rack Not Responsible
Space Required For Victims Left Over Thirty Days

53 Boulevard of Broken Legs CLOBBER 8-4725

TED & BRUCIE'S PLACE

CALL US FIRST IF YOUR "THING" IS BEING BEATEN TO DEATH BY FOUR BUTCH GUYS WEARING BLACK LEATHER CAPES

41 Lavender Lane STRANGEFELLOW 2-0711

► Travel Agents

FLAT WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

NOW ACCEPTING RESERVATIONS FOR THE FOURTH CRUSADE AND MARCO POLO'S VOYAGE TO FAR CATHAY

Why Settle For A Two-Week Vacation When We Can Send You On A Trip That Will Last A Whole Lifetime?

Wharfside Stall No. 8 JOYRIDE 3-9124

► Singers & Musical Groups

The Old Christie Minstrels
36 Alley of Tenors HARMONY 7-2123

WALLED CITY 'OLLERS

BOFFO GROUP WILL LIVEN UP YOUR CORONATION, WEDDING FEAST OR PUBLIC HANGING WITH SMASH HIT MADRIGALS FROM THE TOP FORTY

44 Toe Tappers' Lane ... GROUPIE 4-3897

► Social Service Agencies

BEDLAM

LOW YEARLY OR LIFETIME RATES FOR KEEPING THE LOONY IN YOUR FAMILY OUT OF CIRCULATION

Iron Window Bars And All Other Modern Psychiatric Facilities Offered

Trained Keepers On Duty 24 Hours A Day

Far End of Dead-End Road BLOODCURDLE 5-0808

A MAD LOOK AT THE SILENT



Before I introduce this year's recipients of our award, let me first say a few words about our distinguished guest...



thinking

AUDIENCE



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



The accusations of corruption in my administration are unfounded, bare-faced lies by my desperate opponent!

Bird droppings!

Buffalo chips!

Horse dumplings!

Baby barf!

Bat guano!

Turtle manure!

Cow cakes!



After many successful years
in Show Business... this is
my farewell performance!

Grandma saw her
FIRST farewell
performance!

Probably no
more face
left to lift!

All the members
of her Fan Club
must be dead!

She'll be out of retirement
with the gathering of the
first traffic accident crowd!



Then, you'll hit the
beach, and advance
double-time to here!

...where I'll change
into civies and mingle
with the tourists!

Meanwhile, you'll be in
the Officers Club, getting
bombed on Pina Coladas!

Count
me out,
Honky!

This looks like a
good time to pull my
double hernia trick!

Que
pasa,
hombre?



Due to heavy traffic,
we are circling in
a holding pattern!

At 50 gallons a minute,
no wonder there's an
energy crisis!

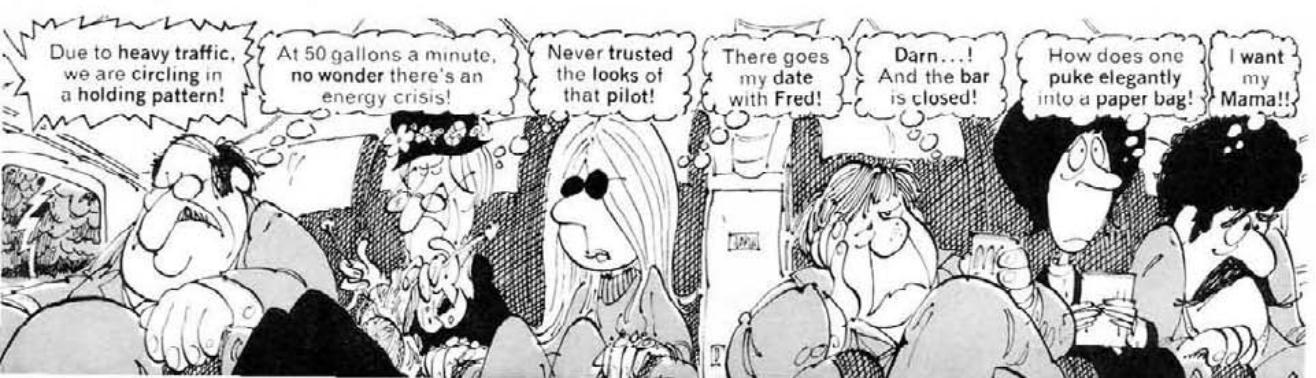
Never trusted
the looks of
that pilot!

There goes
my date
with Fred!

Darn...!
And the bar
is closed!

How does one
puke elegantly
into a paper bag!

I want
my
Mama!!



SHOLASTRICKS DEPT.

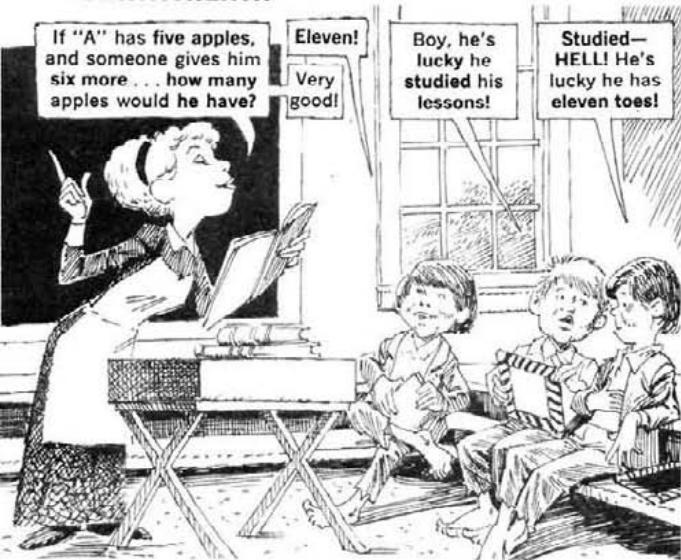
Several times in past issues, we've explored the changes that have taken place in our educational system. Among other things, we've seen how attitudes, dress and the life-styles of students have changed over the decades. Now, here is . . .

A MAD LOOK AT THE CHANGING TOOLS OF EDUCATION

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

MATH...THEN...



...AND NOW...



TAKING NOTES...THEN...



...AND NOW...



ANNOUNCEMENTS...THEN...

Boys and girls, as Principal, I've called this assembly to say that the deportment in this school lately has been abominable! I've learned that students have been stealing books and pens and gym shoes and lunch money and supplies ...

What's he saying??! Speak up, Mr. Bentley!! Yeah! We can't hear you!! and microphone cords ... and ...



...AND NOW...

Attention, boys and girls! This is your Principal, addressing you over your classroom loudspeakers ...

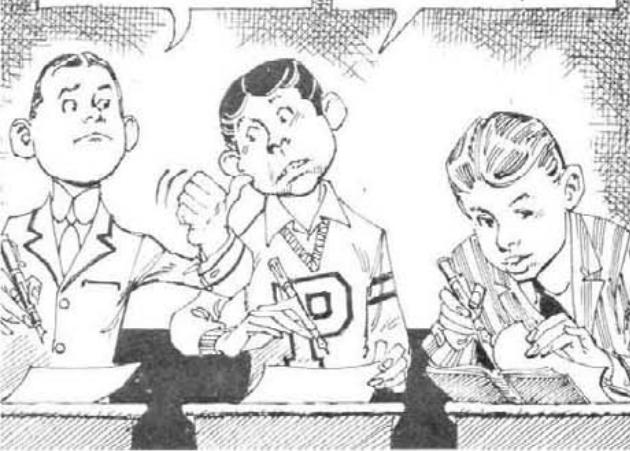
It's been reported to me that the deportment in this school has been inexcusable! Now, you will either conduct yourselves like MATURE young men and women ... or else ...



SCHOOL MORALITY...THEN...

Hey, how do you like that Charlie!! Sneaking a text book into class during an exam so he can cheat ... ?!

I think it's disgusting! Look, idiot! Stop pointing at him like that! I can't read your answer to the last question!



...AND NOW...

... and our trained staff specializes in writing book reports, term papers—even a Master's thesis on any subject you want!

You expect me to take someone else's work and use it as my own?! That's unspeakable, dishonest and immoral!

Take, hell! It's gonna cost you \$750!

Make it \$700, and you got a deal!!



LANGUAGE CLASS...THEN...

Please conjugate the present tense singular of the verb "être" for us, Philip ...

Je suis ... tu es ... il est ... elle est ...

Très bien, Philip! Remember, class ... unlike Latin, French is a living language! It's alive today ... just like you and I!

Hmmph! If it's alive like her, I give them both another week!



...AND NOW...

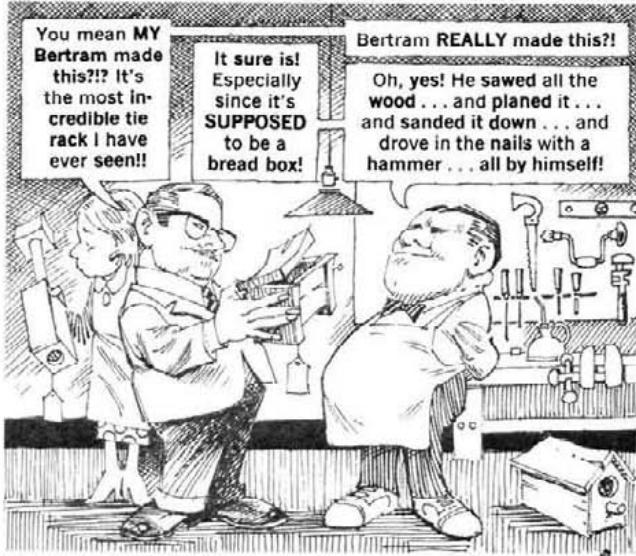
... nous avons ... vous avez ... ils ont ... elles ont! And that's how we conjugate the verb "être"!

Unlike Latin, French today is alive and vital! Yes, we can safely say French is a living language ... tick-tick ...

a living language ... tick-tick ... a living language ... tick-tick ... a living language ... tick-tick ...



OPEN SCHOOL WEEK...THEN...



...AND NOW...



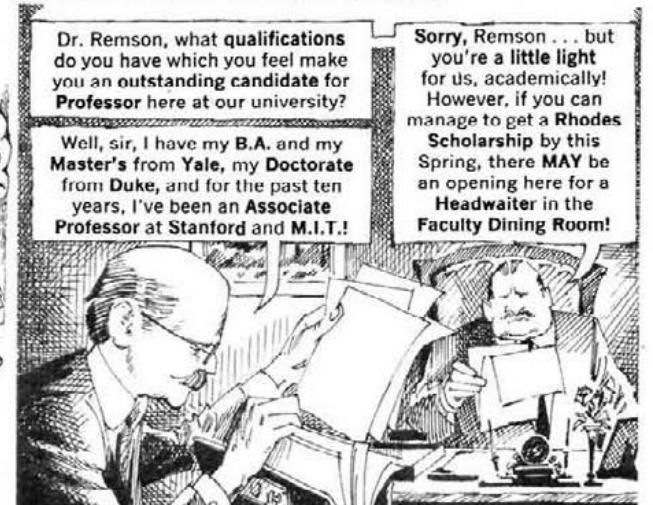
TAKING EXAMS...THEN...



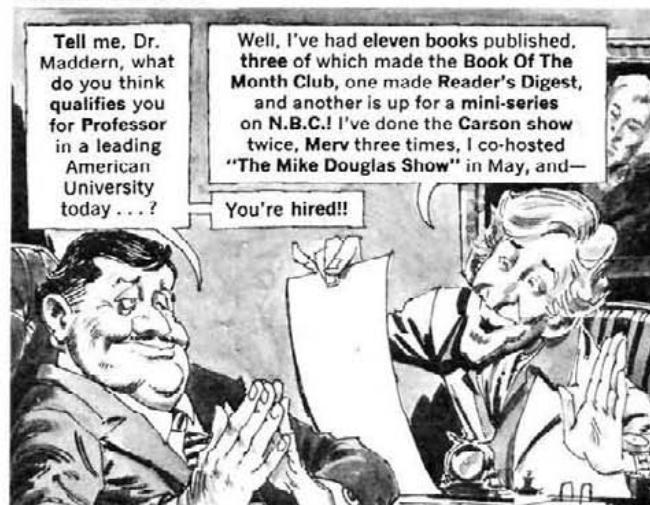
...AND NOW...



HIRING A PROFESSOR...THEN...



...AND NOW...

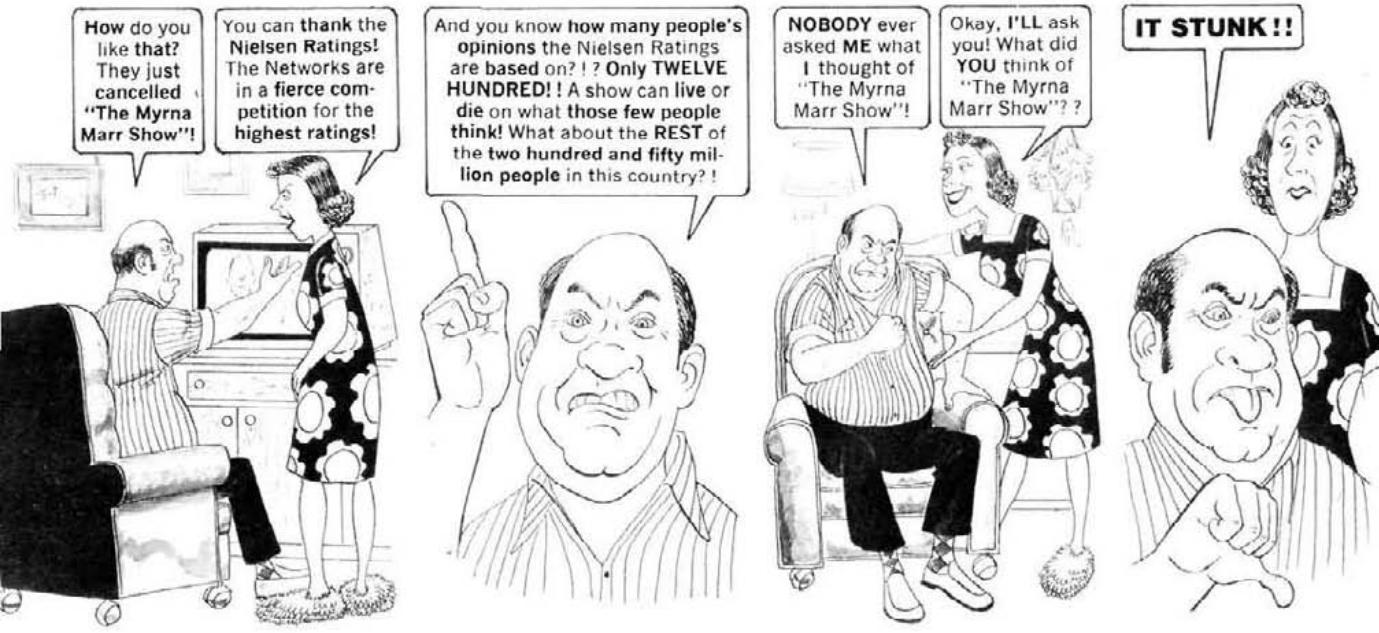




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

CON





It's almost like the old days! We're in a **PRICE WAR** with the gas station across the street!

Are you kidding? At a time of **gas shortages . . . ??**

That makes the competition even fiercer!

So who's winning?

Right now, **WE** are! !

OUR prices are **HIGHER!!**



COMPETITION

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

I've got a **classic** rivalry going on in my home! The little one and the big one are **BOTH** constantly competing for my attention!

The big one is the **worst!** He's jealous of the little one! He pulls all sorts of tricks to beat him out! He even throws **temper tantrums!**

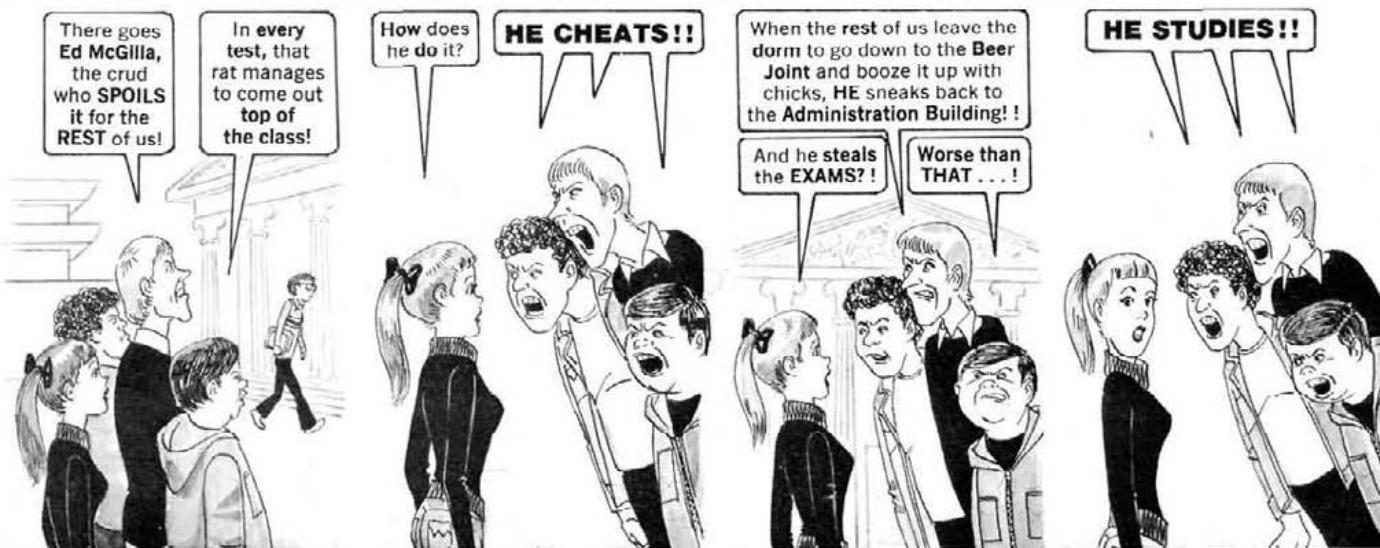
I'm going out of my **MIND!** !

How many children do you have in your family?

Just **THOSE TWO!** !







I went to apply for a job today, and hundreds of others showed up! We had to fill out a questionnaire and submit a resume! When I saw what the others were putting down, I knew I was under-qualified!

So I lied like hell! I filled pages and pages with things I never really did! It was a magnificent piece of fiction!

So did you get the job?

Nope! How come . . . ?

I was OVER-qualified!



You play so FEROCIOUSLY!

You bet! I'm out for blood!

I can remember being taught,
"It matters NOT if you WIN or LOSE,
but HOW you play the game!"

That's sissy talk! Vince Lombardi said,
"Winning isn't everything . . . it's the ONLY thing!"

THAT'S why I show my opponent NO MERCY! I'm out to MURDER THE BUM!!



It's not fair! Mommy loves YOU more than she loves ME!!

I wish it was true, but it ain't!

Mommy, don't you love FREDDY more than you love ME! ?

How can you SAY that? !?

My children are like fingers on my hand! If I bang my thumb, it hurts as much as if I bang my pinky! And I feel the same way about the two of you!

You BOTH give me a pain! !



GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING WORKING PEOPLE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE JOB-EFFICIENCY MEDAL



THE PIGGY-BACK PARTS AWARD



THE PURLOINED PAPER CLIP MEDAL



Presented to blue collar workers who manage to remain on the job without getting fired while half asleep (on Fridays) and hung over (on Mondays), even though the quality of work produced is disgraceful and dangerous.

Goes to repairmen who courageously replace an entire mechanical system in a car or an appliance, even though only a tiny part of it is malfunctioning . . . thus protecting thousands of jobs in the "Parts Manufacturing" industries.

Goes to white collar workers who create fringe benefits by using company supplies and services, and by taking home anything that isn't nailed down. These are lots better than pay raises, since no taxes are collected on them.

THE SILVER TONGUE AWARD



THE UNION MEDAL OF HONOR



Awarded to salespersons who bravely face suckers who come into the store for advertised bargains that do not exist, and manage to switch them into buying costlier but inferior products, thereby boosting our entire economy.

Presented to workers who blindly respond and heroically serve on picket lines without questioning the issues, the motives or anything else involved in strike situations, just as long as it means more money in their pockets.

WHAT IS A



Between the time your parents first send you off to the Hilly Acres Summer Camp and the time your children last send you off to the Holy Acres Cemetery, you are sure to encounter a type of brash, brassy, brazen, braying braggart known as a Show-Off. Most people hate Show-Offs with the same passion that they hate tornadoes. This is because both phenomena make entirely too much noise, are filled with hot air, spin around on their own axis, always arrive without warning and never leave as soon as you wish they would.

The typical latent Show-Off will first display symptoms of his disturbance in early childhood when he can be observed committing such small, tell-tale acts as hanging by his heels from the school auditorium balcony, or eating crayons during the pledge to the flag, or taking off his clothes to play doctor when everyone else is playing softball, or bloodying your nose for the viewing pleasure of the new girl in class. With luck, he will cease this idiotic behavior as he matures. Without luck, he will grow up to become another Jimmy Connors.

Among those who never outgrow the scourge of Show-Offishness, specimens can be found in every color, race and creed. There are Black Show-Offs who wear garish jewelry, drive pink Continentals and habitually shout, "Hey! What's happening?" There are Latin Show-Offs who buy imitation velvet wallpaper, drive chrome-plated Chevies and spray paint their names on public buildings. There are Indian Show-Offs who wear phony buckskin, beat on phony tom-toms and stage sit-in protests for the sole purpose of having them seen on the six o'clock news. Then, too, there are White Show-Offs. But all they do is wear garish jewelry, spray paint their names on public buildings, drive pink Continentals, stage sit-in protests and shout, "Hey! What's happening?" during such events as symphonic concerts, graveside ceremonies and High Masses conducted by the Pope.

Though modern society is tragically overburdened with Acute Flashers, Addicted Flaunters and Assorted Flakes, it's still easy to spot a true Show-Off in any crowd. He's the one who carries a bullhorn to cocktail parties so everyone in the room will have to listen to his jokes. He's the one who brings his own magazines to the doctor's waiting room so the other patients will know he reads "Gentlemen's Quarterly." And he's the one who always orders in French, even at McDonald's . . . where he's also the one who demands to see the manager because the place doesn't have an adequate wine list.

Without question, a Show-Off is a unique form of humanity. Who else would run 99 yards in the Super Bowl, and then get tackled on the one-yard line because that's where he stopped to pose for photographers? Who else would toil for years to build a profitable business just so he can do his own TV commercials? Who else would "burn rubber" to accelerate from zero-to-sixty in nine seconds when he's only driving to the corner for a quart of milk? And who else would have custom Christmas cards printed just so everyone can see how cute he looks in his Santa Claus suit?



SHOW OFF?

Show-Offs have a knack for upsetting everyone around them as they splash their way through the puddle of life. They debilitate their parents, nauseate their teachers and alienate their classmates before moving on to adulthood where they irritate their employers and infuriate their co-workers. About the only positive thing a Show-Off ever does is stimulate the economy. After all, if there were no Show-Offs in this world, then who would buy all the purple satin bowling shirts and artificial home waterfalls and iridescently painted dune buggies and strapless, backless, almost frontless evening gowns?

One thing you have to admire about a Show-Off is his dedication. Throughout his whole life, he'll do absolutely anything to make people notice him. At the age of ten, he'll risk violent nausea to be seen chewing a mouthful of his father's pipe tobacco. At 30, he'll risk total unemployment to entertain the secretaries with his impersonation of the boss's annoying sinus snuffle. At 50, he'll risk painful back injury to bend his partner into a flamboyant "dip" at the Country Club Dance. And at 80, he'll risk terminal pneumonia to get his picture in the paper going for a swim on the coldest day of the year.

In a way, it's a pity on the incorrigible, incurable, insufferable Show-Off, for under all that swinish swagger, he often harbors positive qualities that have never been developed. Deep down inside, there may well exist the Self-Effacing Humility of Muhammad Ali, the Tranquil Introspection of Bella Abzug, the Noble Constraint of Idi Amin, the Blushing Modesty of Charro, the Unpretentious Charm of Ivan the Terrible and the Studious Reserve of Popeye the Sailor.

No doubt about it. At the core of his being, a Show-Off is much more than just another over-amplified guitar twanger modeling a wardrobe made up of discarded seat covers from a Tijuana taxi. He is also Thoughtful Consideration blowing smoke from a cheap cigar, Sound Judgment singing dirty fraternity songs at an All-Campus Convocation, Quiet Dependability doing wheelies on a stolen motorcycle, a Firm Handshake clutching a concealed joy buzzer, Somber Reflection wearing a lampshade on his head and the Face of Maturity bathed in eerie light from the glow of his own electrified bow tie.

Show-Offs rarely choose to spend their lives as bodyguards for the President or bookkeepers for the Syndicate or consultants for a Swiss bank. More often, they prefer careers as professional skywriters or televised faith healers or Marine Band drum majors. But even when a Show-Off accidentally winds up in some anonymous job like Top Secret Under-Cover Agent, he never really loses his lifelong craving to step into the spotlight. And you can bet that someday, when he's receiving blueprints in the shadow of the Berlin Wall or exchanging microfilm in the silence of the Peking Library, he will blow his cover by impulsively blurting out the familiar cry of the born Show-Off:

"HEY, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT ME!"

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: TOM KOCH



FLEECE MARKET DEPARTMENT

Americans are bemoaning the fact that the Arabs are overcharging us for their oil, and then adding insult to injury by bringing the money back here to buy up most of desirable real estate and our most precious art treasures. So MAD asks: Why don't we do something about it? With our famed Yankee ingenuity, we should be able to con-

SURPLUS ITEMS WE CAN

OUR SURPLUS POLYESTER LEISURE SUITS



When the Great American Leisure Suit Fad went blooey a few years ago, merchants were stuck with hundreds of thousands of unsold garments, mostly in loud colors and portly sizes. (It's even possible that the New Orleans Superdome had to be built for the sole purpose of storing away left-over leisure suits that didn't fit into other warehouses!) The Arabs are natural customers for this vast accumulation... especially since most of them are portly, but only a few of them have mirrors to see how idiotic they look in them.

OUR PERPETUAL SUPPLY OF RASPBERRY SHERBERT



Americans obviously hate raspberry sherbet, as evidenced by the fact that restaurants always have plenty left, even after they've run out of every other dessert on the menu. Meanwhile, Arabs and their camels go around with notoriously rotten dispositions because they're sweaty, thirsty and have their throats filled with hot, scratchy sand. Sending them tons of unwanted raspberry sherbet will make everyone happy, including owners of oil tankers that currently carry no cargo on their return trips to the Middle East.

"GREATEST TUNES OF THE JOHNNY MANN SINGERS"



Couple the fact that Arabs are the world's most dedicated skeet shooters with the fact that unsalable LP phonograph records make terrific clay pigeons, and a new method of bolstering the U.S. economy quickly appears. Best of all, scientists predict that we'll keep replenishing our stockpile of unsaleable records as long as we need Arab oil. It is only a suggestion that we begin this export trade with "Johnny Mann" records. We could probably do just as well with some of the less popular selections of Johnny Desmond, Tony Martin, Jerry Vale, Buddy Greco, Al Martino, Rosemary Clooney, Dorothy Collins, Julie London and Tommy Leonetti.

NORTH DAKOTA



North Dakota is a good example of the type of Real Estate we should be trying harder to palm off on Middle Eastern investors. After all, it's the only state in the U.S. that has been losing population steadily for 50 years because its residents want to get away from the cold. On the other hand, Arabs have no place to go where they can get away from the heat. Surely they would pay \$10,000 an acre for a cool resort area with a nice northerly breeze. Considering the size of North Dakota, that adds up to enough cash to keep us well supplied with Arab oil for several months.

vince those Middle Eastern oil billionaires that they really ought to spend their U.S. dollars on the very items we'd love to unload. Employing this "hard sell" technique, we could soon get our money back without giving up a single thing that we'd prefer to keep. MAD shows how painlessly we could balance our trade deficit with . . .



N SELL TO THE ARABS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: TOM KOCH

THE PHILADELPHIA '76 ERS



Most everyone in this country, including absolutely everybody in Philadelphia, is fed up with these hotshots for never learning to play together as a team. But think what a sensation they'd be in Kuwait, where nobody knows what a basketball team is supposed to do anyway. Add to this the snob appeal of having the only N.B.A. franchise east of Boston (or west of Seattle, if you're going the other way), and the result is a multi-million-dollar bargain that any oil rich Arab country would rush to grab, given the chance.

FIVE MILLION HOMELESS KITTENS



It's common knowledge among those of even marginal intelligence that the U.S. has a huge supply of unwanted kittens. But how many have considered the equally common knowledge that the whole Arab world is one gigantic mound of Kitty Litter? Surely this means that any oil rich country would willingly pay ten bucks a kitten to get its sand kicked up and rearranged as only an industrious American cat can do.

CANCELLED TV SHOWS



To squeeze some really big money out of cancelled American TV shows, we mustn't merely sell the Arabs our old filmed episodes to re-run. Instead, we should unload the whole works, including all the sets, props and costumes needed to produce completely new episodes in Arabic. "Baretta," "Police Woman," "Kojak," etc. seem like perfect shows for such a deal because there's no Arabian P.T.A. to complain about the effects of TV violence on children. In fact, there are indications that many Arab children are already violent, and that their parents want to keep them that way.

CHICKEN TAKE-OUT FRANCHISES



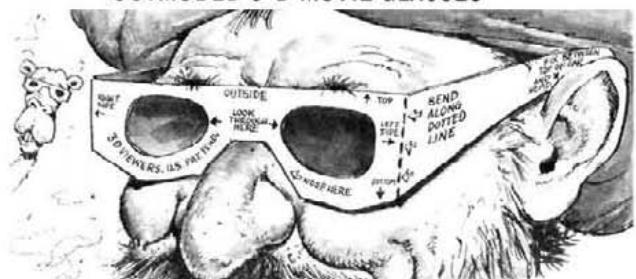
At the present time, Kentucky fried chicken restaurants are about as rare in Arabia as Arabian restaurants are in Kentucky. Clearly, this presents U.S. promoters with the opportunity to start blanketing the Middle East with their expensive franchises for foul towl take-out joints. This might require some typical Yankee ingenuity in parts of the Arab World that have very few chickens. However, by adding just a little bit more breading to the gook that's normally slathered on each piece, a fried Arabian buzzard should look enough like a domestic chicken to fool anyone.

HARDY CRAB GRASS SEEDLINGS



What clod could actually be conned into paying good money for crab grass? To answer that question, just check out the "lawn" in front of any Arab home located more than ten miles from the nearest water hole. Out there, owning any form of plant life that refuses to die has great snob appeal. Best of all, sales of U.S. crab grass would quickly lead to sales of U.S. lawn mowers to a part of the world where the demand for them hasn't been too brisk up to now.

OUTMODED 3-D MOVIE GLASSES



Sad to say, many Bedouin tribesmen have never owned a pair of sun glasses, even though they live in a country where eye diseases caused by glare and blowing sand are common. Equally sad to say, U.S. industry has a fortune tied up in tacky colored glasses that were made for watching the 3-D movies that flopped so horribly a few years back. Surely it would be a lovely gesture for us to let the Arabs have those cheap glasses at a price they can afford, especially since the price they can afford is now about \$25 a pair.

JIMMY CONNORS AND ILIE NASTASE



No team representing a Middle Eastern country has ever won a Davis Cup. Presumably, this means that the Arabs would take any sort of desperate measure to win one, including the costly rental or outright purchase of Jimmy Connors and Ilie Nastase. True, Ilie Nastase is not really ours to sell, since he's technically a Roumanian . . . but let's face it: If we can find a way to get rid of him and Jimmy Connors for keeps, who's going to lift a finger to stop us?

SPOKANE'S WORLD'S FAIR SITE



In 1974, Spokane, Washington held one of the most unpublicized World's Fairs in history. Now that it's over, the exhibit buildings are even more vacant than they were when the Fair was open. However, the deserted site should prove irresistible to the Arabs who've never held a World's Fair of their own. Hopefully, they won't realize until it's too late that they either have to hold their Fair in Spokane, or figure out a way to move the fairgrounds over to Arabia.

DEFUNCT TRADING STAMPS



It is tragic to think that four independent Persian Gulf Sheikdoms still do not have their own postage stamps, just when four U.S. Trading Stamp Companies have coincidentally gone bankrupt. It is even more tragic to think that we're too dumb to sell our worthless, left-over trading stamps to the rich Arabs who need them desperately for postage stamps. Unfortunately, any Persian Gulf resident who took the time to steam 15,000 stamps off his mail could legally bring them to this country and redeem them for a toaster, but that's a problem we can face when we come to it.

BANKRUPT STOCKBROKERS' EQUIPMENT



During the last stock market debacle, many U.S. brokerage houses went out of business. Presumably, their electronic price quoting machines were all stored in closets and are now considered to be worthless. However, with rich Arabs owning more stocks in American companies than Americans do, they need these quote machines to follow their investments. Eventually, this could also lead to the sale of upper story office windows to desert tribesmen who presently lack high places to jump from when the next stock market crash occurs.

CYCLAMATE COLA



Soft drinks containing cyclamates were pulled off shelves in the U.S. after doctors reported that they caused cancer in rats. Fortunately for our new Middle Eastern export business, these doctors didn't offer one shred of proof that cyclamates cause cancer in camels, sheep, goats or donkeys. Since these are the only forms of animal life known to exist in Arabia, there's no medical or moral reason why we shouldn't ship them our surplus supply of cyclamate cola.

INCOMPETENT TV WEATHERMEN



For years, these dimwits have garbled up weather forecasts on every TV News show from one end of America to the other. As a result, we alternate between wearing our galoshes when it's fair and getting drenched when an unpredicted hurricane strikes. Obviously, these jerks would do less damage if we exported them all to Arabia, where the weather has been the same every day for the past century. Just teach them to say, "Fair . . . and continued hot!" in Arabic, and they'll be adequately prepared for their new assignments.

SHAMEFUL FOOTBALL LETTER SWEATERS



It's traditional for American Universities to present letter sweaters to members of their varsity football squads. It's equally traditional for athletes who play at schools with crummy teams to hide their sweaters away, and seldom wear them in public. This seems like a terrible waste . . . especially since the potential Arab buyers of these letter sweaters need never know that such initials as "N" and "V" and "S" actually stand for such shameful and embarrassing words as "Northwestern" and "Vanderbilt" and "Syracuse."

MERV GRIFFIN



Merv's slyly snickered "naughty jokes" would probably be considered sensational material in those parts of the Arab World where women still wear sacks over their heads when they go out in public. To assure Merv of being a hit over there, it might be better to sell him as part of a multi-million-dollar package deal that would also include Robert Goulet, the Lennon Sisters and Paul Anka. For the good of our country, we would have to learn to live without them.

EGG TIMER GLASS



Although the Arabs haven't realized it yet, oil is not the only natural resource they have that's ripe for worldwide exploitation. They also have sand. As those of us in more technologically advanced countries know, sand is the ideal substance for filling egg timers. But, without U.S. glass to hold the sand, the Arabs have a rather slim chance of cornering the world egg timer market. So it doesn't take a genius to see that this one item alone could help balance our entire trade deficit with the oil producing countries.

DISCARDED CHRISTMAS TREES



Most Americans assume that nothing presents a more unpleasant sight than those old dried-out Christmas trees that we throw out right after the holidays. However, we never stop to think that Arabs living in the desert don't even know what a healthy tree is supposed to look like. Upshot: We miss a great chance to sell millions of dead trees every January, and the Arabs miss a great chance to stick them all in the ground and create their first National Forest.

A ROLLING STALLONE GATHERS MORE GROSS DEPT.

Remember not too long ago when rotten people were the heroes of American movies? Amoral guys like motorcycle riders and fat, boozy, middle-aged guys who gunned down teenagers? Then, a few years back, along came a Boxer named "Rocky," and everything changed! Suddenly, as in the glorious films of the past, the average movie-goer found things in "Rocky" that he could *really identify* with: decency, honesty, stupidity! Anyway, the picture made over 50 million dollars, and suddenly the studio found something *it could identify with*: greed! So it made a sequel! Well, we did our version of the original movie in MAD #194 . . . and being just as greedy, we've made a sequel version of the sequel. Get ready for . . .

How come
I get the
feeling
that I've
seen this
fight
before? !?

That's because you HAVE seen it before, stupid! It's the last scene of the original movie! It's used to introduce the sequel!

You can
DO it,
Rockhead!
You're
gonna be
CHAMP!!

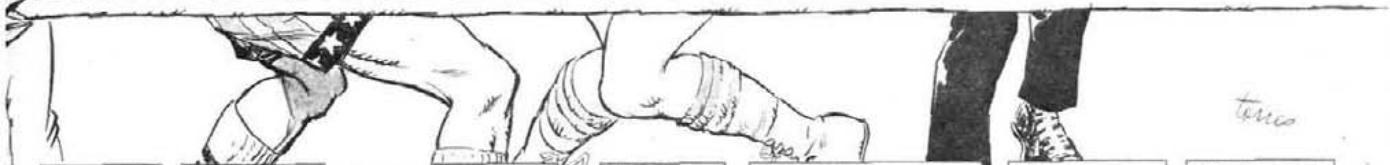
YOU'RE
cheering for
a guy who
lost a fight
we already
saw . . . and
I'M stupid? ?

Hey . . . look at Rockhead! He's got a dumb, glassy look on his face! How long can he go on like this?!

Probably another 50 years! He looked like that BEFORE the fight started!

Isn't this
absolutely
incredible? !
Rockhead
is **STILL**
ON HIS
FEET!!

**Yeah!!
NOBODY
stays up
THIS
LATE in
Phila-
delphia!**



Hey, you're
doin' great,
Rockhead!
But . . . say
d' woid an'
I'll stop
the fight!

**It's really
fantastic! A
poor unknown
bum, almost
going the
distance with
the Champ!**

He
don't
look
so
poor
to me!

Well, look again! His Trainer is about to throw in a **PAPER TOWEL!**

I LOVE you,
Rockhead!
I LOVE you!

Hey,
who's
that?

It's Atrium, his girl friend! It's the old story all over again "Beauty and the Beast" Ahh, she don't look THAT bad!

You call this
a FIGHT? It's
DISGUSTING!
STOP it! It's
too VIOLENT!
Too BRUTAL!
Too BLOODY!

**Shaddup, you
lousy Pinko!
It's people
like you who
wanna destroy
the American
Way of Life!**



KHEAD II

They din't believe in me! Nobody believed in me! But YOU believed . . . huh, Atrium?

I never stopped believing in you, Rockhead! Not for a single moment! I always knew you were going to be pounded into a bloody pulp!

I'm glad I didn't let you down!

I bet I look disgusting!
I bet the sight of my face an' ears makes you sick . . . right?

Look . . . when you love somebody, you love a WHOLE PERSON! The last thing I think about is your face and your ears! Now, stop being so sensitive! When you're feeling better, I'm going to cook you a nice homemade meal!

Like what? ?

How about some chopped meat and cauliflower —Whoops! !



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

We're wasting our time on this beat-up poor slob! He can't afford ten grand for plastic surgery!

Wait! Here's my plan! We'll bob his nose . . . change him to a blond . . . shorten him about 4 inches . . . and put freckles on his nose!

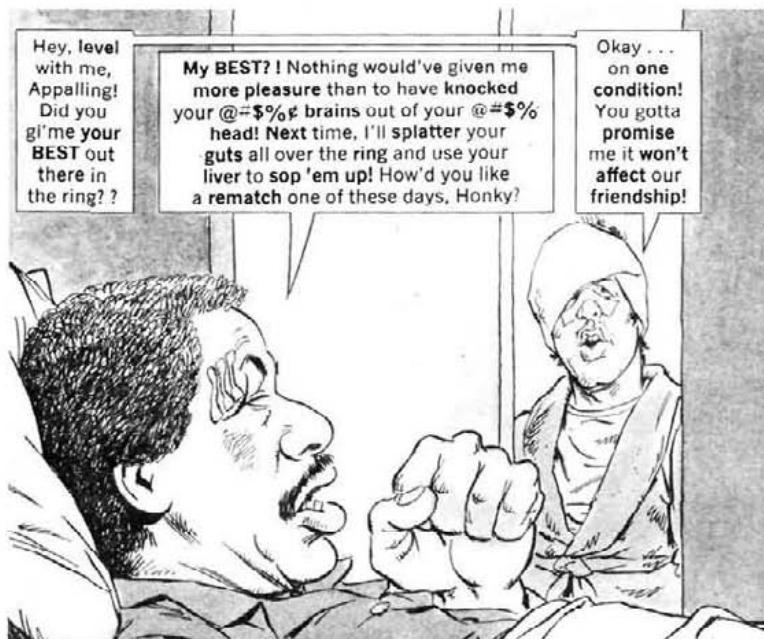
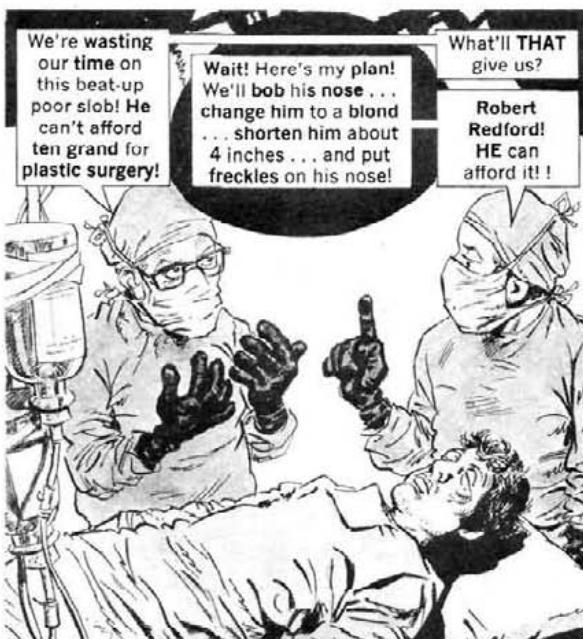
What'll THAT give us?

Robert Redford! HE can afford it!

Hey, level with me, Appalling! Did you git me your BEST out there in the ring? ?

My BEST? ! Nothing would've given me more pleasure than to have knocked your @#\$% brains out of your @#\$% head! Next time, I'll splatter your guts all over the ring and use your liver to sop 'em up! How'd you like a rematch one of these days, Honky?

Okay . . . on one condition! You gotta promise me it won't affect our friendship!



Atrium, I—I don't express myself too good! But right now, as I walk with you, I got like a burning feeling deep in my heart, and I'm all mixed up inside! Could you . . . ? Would you—

Oh, Rock-head, you poor silly fool! Of course I'll marry you!

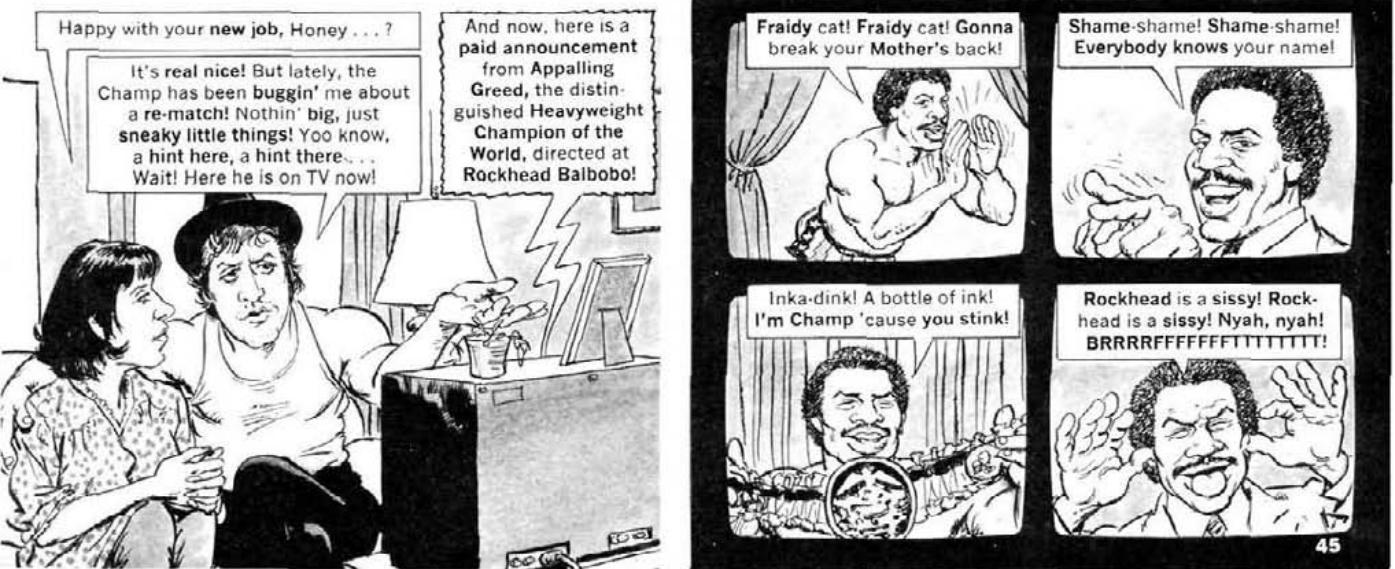
Actually, I just wanted to borrow a "Rolaid"! But, well, okay . . .

... I now pronounce you "Man and Wife"! You may kiss the bride . . .

I know I ain't been too smart, but I'm improving, right? I didn't get lost on the way to the Church, and I remembered the ring, right! So— Hey, when do you think you're gonna get rid of this terrible skin condition you suddenly came down with?

Darn! An' I was doin' so well there for a while!





See? Sneaky little things like that! I just gotta fight him again! I just gotta!

Fighting! That's all you ever think about! you haven't thought of ME in weeks! What kind of marriage IS this? ! FORGET about boxing! !

Are you asking me to STOP being a MAN? !

I'm asking you to START being one!
Not tonight! I've got a headache!
YOU!!

We gotta build up your stamina! If you can catch a chicken, then you'll be in terrific shape!

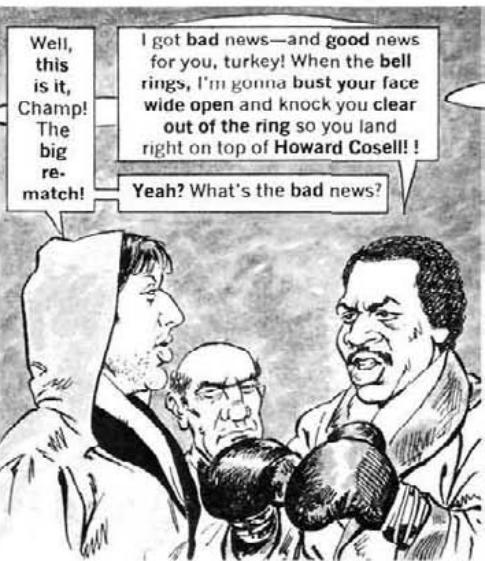
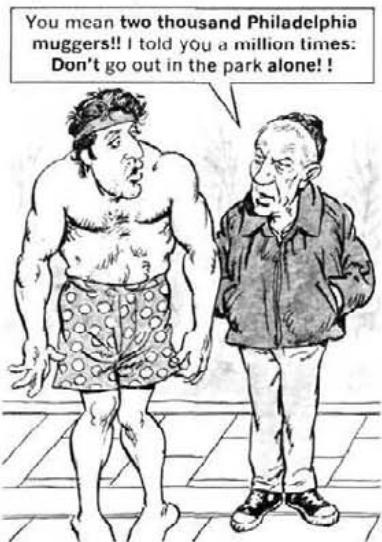
Pant-pant . . . C'mon, Nicky, gi'me a break! Cough . . . gasp . . . Can't we start off with something EASIER? ! ?

Like what? ?
Like a turtle, maybe?





GOTTA RUN, NOW... LIKE J
ROCKHEAD ONE, NOW...



Well, it ain't much
but it's a start!!

Now do that
to the Champ!!



Is there a
DOCTOR in
the house??

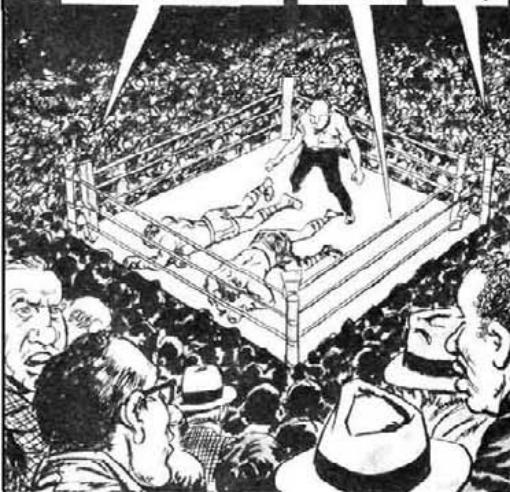
I'M a
Doctor! Is
anybody
sick??



They're BOTH DOWN!!
Whoever gets up first
is the WINNER!!

Come
on,
Rockhead!

Get
up,
Champ!



... seven ...
... eight ...

It's too late! NEITHER one
of them is gonna make it!!



... nine ...
... te—...

ROCKHEAD MADE IT!
He's THE WINNER!!



How'd you do
it, Rockhead?
How did you
get to your
feet before
the Champ? ?

Sheer courage,
grim determina-
tion ... and
mainly, I sat
on Junior's
DIAPER PIN!!

Well ... that's
it! After I do
"Rockhead III!",
I'm hanging up
my gloves and
my movie career
for good! !

You mean
that's going
to be the
end of the
"Rockhead"
saga forever?

Are
you
kidding?
Why it's
practically
just
beginning! !

Take a look at "ROCKHEAD IV
... V ... and VI"



**WHAT BIG
DISASTER
HAS
OCCURRED
ON THIS
PAGE?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

Every day, we hear of some new threat to our way of life. But on this page, a really big disaster has taken place. To find out what it is, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



NUCLEAR SCARES ARE WITH US . . . AND WE ALL HAVE TO FACE IT. ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE ARE BUSY HOLDING MEETINGS SO THEY CAN QUICKLY PINPOINT AND IDENTIFY ANY POSSIBLE THREAT TO THEIR LIVING AREA!

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

◀B

